



In the olden times it was no uncommon occurrence for sensitive, delicate women to be headed for trivial or imaginary ailments. In this respect the world has made great strides. Nevertheless, women still suffer death in a slow and more tortuous form, and for no offence whatever, save a little ignorance, or possibly, a little neglect.

The woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organs, whether she realizes it or not, is being slowly but surely tortured to death. She suffers almost continually with sick headache. She has pains in the back, what she calls "stitches" in the side and aching pains everywhere. She experiences burning and dragging down sensations. She becomes weak, nervous and despondent. She neglects her home, and is petulant with her husband. If she consults the average physician, there is not one chance in ten that he will hit upon the real cause of her trouble. He will attribute her bad feelings to stomach, liver, heart or nervous trouble. A woman in this condition should consult some eminent and skillful specialist who has had a wide experience. Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has, with the assistance of a staff of able physicians, prescribed for many thousands of women. He has invented a wonderful medicine for ailing women, known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood, making them strong and well, allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the nerves. It transforms weak, nervous women into healthy, happy wives and mothers.

"I was an invalid for over a year with change of life," writes Mrs. C. Smith, of Orr, Cascade Co., Mont. "Had pains across the pit of my stomach and such extreme weakness I could hardly walk. I took one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and five of his 'Favorite Prescription' and am entirely well."

THE LAW SUSTAINED.

United States Supreme Court Hands Down an Interesting Decision in a Case Appealed from Kansas.

Washington, April 18.—In the United States supreme court, Justice Brewer announced the opinion of the court in the case of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad vs. Matthews & Truedell. The case came to the supreme court on a writ of error from the supreme court of Kansas and involved the validity of the act of the Kansas legislature allowing the collection of attorneys' fees from railroad companies in suits brought against them for damages by fire and in which it is proved that the fire was the result of the negligence of the companies. The state court affirmed the validity of the act and the opinion handed down today sustained that decision.

CRAZY MAN ON A TRAIN.

William Hennessy, of New York, Created Consternation on a Rock Island Train Near Manhattan, Kan.

Topeka, Kan., April 18.—A crazy man with a big revolver created consternation on the fast Rock Island train from Denver, near Manhattan, this morning. He shot a hole through the hat of the sheriff and turned loose at passengers and raised Cain generally. Fortunately the four shots injured no one, although the smoker had a score of passengers. He was overpowered, disarmed and turned over to the authorities at Topeka. Papers in his pocket showed him to be William Hennessy, of New York. He had a ticket from Denver to Kansas City.

Low Rates for the G. A. R.
Chicago, April 15.—For the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic to be held at Philadelphia September 4 to 9, the eastern roads have agreed to make a rate of one fare for the round trip from Chicago and all points in Central Passenger association territory. The same rates will be made over all lines, standard and differential alike. It will also apply to New York. Tickets will be placed on sale September 1 to 4, inclusive, good for return up to September 12.

GOV. LEE'S LETTER.

South Dakota's Governor Demands the Return of His Volunteers.

SMALLPOX RAGING AMONG INDIANS.

Forty Patients in a Village Near Cushing, Ok.—Coal Combine Formed on the Monongahela River—Watch Trust to Be Organized.

Pierre, S. D., April 14.—Gov. Lee has written to President McKinley, demanding the return of the South Dakota volunteers from the Philippines. He recites the facts of enlistment to fight for humanity against Spain, declares that "the South Dakota volunteers have fulfilled every obligation which they owe to their country and its flag," and should be allowed to return home. He says: "We view their present or future detention as unconstitutional and a violation of the law which called the organization into being, and feel sure they will not be retained against their will, against the law and against the moral sense of the people of our state without offering some reason for so doing." He declares the present course "repugnant to the fundamental principles of this government, a violation of the declaration of independence, a repudiation of the theory upon which we engaged in the war with Spain, and utterly inconsistent with your excellency's splendid announcement respecting the policy to be pursued toward Cuba." He says the people are "unable to countenance the present attempt of this government to enforce title with bayonets to a nation of brown men purchased from a disgraced and vanquished despot and regard the further sacrifice of our soldiers, in a conflict waged against liberty and in the interest of exploiting capitalism, as totally incompatible with the spirit of our institutions."

Wiley to Be Fish Warden.
Topeka, Kan., April 15.—Representative George W. Wiley, of Meade, has been appointed fish warden. Wiley was a candidate for clerk of the court of visitation, but failed to secure. However, the position which he secured is as good as the one he started after, because it pays \$1,000 a year and there is not much to do.

Gov. Stanley Appealed To.
McPherson, Kan., April 14.—A petition was in circulation asking Gov. Stanley to pardon William Eldred, convicted of violating the prohibitory law and sentenced to serve 300 days in jail and to pay a fine of \$3,000. As Eldred is not able to pay the fine, his sentence means life imprisonment.

Probably No Election in Pennsylvania.
Harrisburg, Pa., April 17.—The legislature will adjourn sine die at noon on Thursday next, in accordance with a joint resolution adopted early in the session fixing April 20 as the date for final adjournment. The outlook at present indicates adjournment without the election of a United States senator.

Suit on Defaulted Bonds.
Topeka, Kan., April 15.—Attorney General Godard is preparing to wage a legal war on the counties, cities, townships and school districts in Kansas which have defaulted in the payment of principal and interest on bonds held in the state school fund. There are about \$700,000 of such bonds.

Handy with the Potato Masher.
Niles, Mich., April 17.—A big, husky tramp applied for a meal at the Forster house and promised the landlady, Mrs. Charles Whetstone, that he would beat carpets to pay for it. After the meal was finished the tramp refused to do the work and started away. Mrs. Whetstone seized a potato masher and broke it to pieces over the man's head. He cried for mercy and was compelled to beat carpets for two hours while the woman stood guard over him.

A VOW OF JEPHTHAH

It Is Cited as a Warning Against Parental Heedlessness.

Dr. Talmage Lodges a Protest Against the Sacrifice of the Young on the Altar of Worldly Ambition.

(Copyright, 1899.) Washington, April 18.

In his sermon today Dr. Talmage lodges a protest against the parental heedlessness and worldly ambition which are threatening the sacrifice of many American children; text, Judges 11:36: "My father, if thou has opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth."

Jephthah was a freebooter. Early turned out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered right for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and a predatory life he became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament. The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become commander-in-chief of all the forces. He might have said, "You drove me out when you had no use for me, and now you are in trouble you want me back," but he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country, and, getting no favorable response, marshals his troops for battle.

Before going out to war Jephthah makes a very solemn vow that if the Lord will give him the victory, then, on his return home, whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on the edges of dangers, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurrying of men on the point of swords and spears until the ground could no more drink the blood and the horses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the slain. In those old times opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken and then each one would throttle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death stare to death stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses from which the last trace of manhood had been dashed out.

Jephthah wins the day. Twenty cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up the survivors. Homeward to your wives and children. Homeward with your glittering treasures. Homeward to have the applause of an admiring nation. Build triumphal arches. Swing out flags all over Mizpah. Open all your doors to receive the captured treasures. Through every hall spread the banquet. Pile up the viands. Fill high the tankards. The nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed and the national honor is vindicated.

Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror! Jephthah, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid the acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home that should be sacrificed as a burnt offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless lamb, what brace of doves, will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt offering!

Oh, horrors! Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, rushes out the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back this child from his heaving breast and pushing the locks back from the fair brow and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, with choked utterance he says: "Would to God I lay stark on the bloody plain! My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art the sacrifice!"

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining Lollo-heated girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip, as a rose leaf trembles in the south of the wind; there may have been the starting of a tear like a raindrop shaken from the eather of a water lily. But with a self-sacrifice that man may not reach and only woman's heart can compass she surrenders herself to fire and to death. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth."

She bows to the knife, and the blood, which so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek, smokes in the fires of the burnt offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpah twisted for Jephthah the warrior have gone into the dust, but all ages are twisting this girl's chaplet. It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may take the name of Deborah or Abigail or Miriam, but no one in all the ages shall have the title of this daughter of sacrifice.

Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord, especially as a provision was made in the law for such a contingency, and Jephthah might have redeemed his daughter by the payment of 30 shekels of silver. But before you hurl your denunciations at Jephthah's

cruelty remember that in olden times, when vows were made, men thought they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthah's vow. First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it was better broken than kept. But do not take on pretensions and say: "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If in former days you had been standing on the banks of the Ganges and you had been born in India, you might have thrown your children to the crocodiles. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because we have more Gospel light.

Now I make very practical use of this question when I tell you that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a type of the physical, mental and spiritual sacrifice of 10,000 children in this day. There are parents all unwittingly bringing to bear upon their children a class of influences which will as certainly ruin them as knife and torch destroyed Jephthah's daughter. While I speak, the whole nation, without emotion and without shame, looks upon the stupendous sacrifice.

In the first place, I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a system of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours in school and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties of coming life? No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common school education. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of largest caliber, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill-ventilated schoolrooms and poorly equipped halls of instruction is making many of the places of knowledge in this country a huge holocaust. Politics in many of the cities gets into educational affairs and while the two political parties are scrambling for the honors Jephthah's daughter perishes. It is so much so that there are many schools in the country to-day which are preparing tens of thousands of invalid men and women for the future; so that, in many places, by the time the child's education is finished the child is finished! In many places, in many cities of the country, there are large appropriations for everything else and cheerful appropriations, but as soon as the appropriation is to be made for the educational or moral interests of the city we are struck through with an economy that is well-nigh the death of us.

In my parish in Philadelphia a little child was so pushed at school that she was thrown into a fever, and in her dying delirium, all night long, she was trying to recite the multiplication table. In my boyhood I remember that in our class at school there was one lad who knew more than all of us put together. If we were vast in our arithmetic, he excelled us. When we stood up for the spelling class, he was almost always the head of the class. Visitors came to his father's house, and he was always brought in as a prodigy. At 18 years of age he was an idiot. He lived ten years an idiot and died an idiot, not knowing his right hand from his left or day from night. The parents and the teachers made him an idiot.

You may flutter your pride by forcing your child to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a subtraction from its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but, when you are old or dead, alas for them if through the wrong system of education which you adopted they have no swiftness or force of character to take care of themselves! Be careful how you make the child's head ache or his heart flutter. I hear a great deal about black man's rights, and Chinaman's rights, and Indian's rights, and woman's rights. Would to God that somebody would rise to plead for children's rights! The Carthagians used to sacrifice their children by putting them into the arms of an idol which thrust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol, and no sooner touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking, but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would to God there were only one Jephthah's daughter!

Again, there are many parents who are sacrificing their children with wrong system of discipline—too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the scepter, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be miscreants. There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the blemish of the church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are these young men that swagger through the streets with their thumbs in their vest talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squire," "the old chap," or their mother as "the old woman?" They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority. Eli, having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness, fell over backward and broke his

Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

neck and died. Well he might! What is life to a father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasant to his taste, and the driving rains that drip through the roof of the sepulcher are sweeter than the wines of Helbon.

There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great rigor. The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little sester; her hand seems better fitted to pull out a thorn and soothe a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother cry for it. They hope to dissolve her will tears. But the mother must not intercede, must not coax off, must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of parental supremacy and the subjugation of a child's temper. There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the parents shall rule or the child shall rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs in that hour, then he will some day make you crouch. It is a horrible scene—I have witnessed it—a mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presence of a son who cursed her gray hairs and mocked her wrinkled face and begrudged her the crust she munched with her toothless gums!

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!

But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire, but you cannot successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our children to be perfect. We must not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we discover that our children have as many. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels, and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us because of our premature goodness. You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all, fretting and and scolding in the household. Better than ten years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old-fashioned application of the slipper! That minister of the gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers will never come to canonization. The arithmetics cannot calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great leniency. The heavens and the earth are filled with the groan of the sacrificed. In this important matter, seek Divine direction, O father, O mother!

Further on, thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialities of society. They are inducted into all the hollows of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that 50 cent stories of adventurous love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivaled a Florence Nightingale in heavenly ministries or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste, their beauty a curse, their eternity a demolition.

In the siege of Charleston, during our civil war, a lieutenant of the army stood on the floor beside the daughter of the ex-governor of the state of South Carolina. They were taking the vows of marriage. A bombshell struck the roof, dropped into the group, and nine were wounded and slain, among the wounded to death the bride. While the bridegroom knelt on the carpet trying to stanch the wounds the bride demanded that the ceremony be completed, that she might take the vows before her departure, and when the minister said: "Wilt thou be faithful unto death?" with her dying lips she said, "I will," and in two hours she had departed. That was the slaughter and the sacrifice of the body, but at thousands of marriage altars there are daughters slain for time and slain for eternity. It is not a marriage. It is a massacre. Affianced to some one who is only waiting until his father dies so he can get the property; then a little while they swing around in the circles, brilliant circles; then the property is gone, and, having no power to earn a livelihood, the husband an idler and a sot, the wife a drudge, a slave and a sacrifice. Ah, spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom!

I lift up my voice against the sacrifice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath, and I see a group of children unwashed, unclothed, un-Christianized. Who cares for them? Who prays for them? Who utters to them one kind word? When the city missionary, passing along the park in New York, saw a ragged lad and heard him swearing, he said to him: "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God to-day. You ought to be good. You ought to be a Christian." The lad looked in his face and said: "Ah! It is easy for you to talk, well

clothed as you are and well fed. But we claps hadn't got no chance." Who lifts them to the altar for baptism? Who goes forth to snatch them up from crime and death and vice? Who to-day will go forth and bring them into schools and churches? No; heap them up great piles of rags and wretchedness and filth. But remember them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on more fagots, now while we sit in the churches with folded arms and indifference, crying and some and death will go on with the agonizing sacrifice.

Love of trees and plants is safe; you do not run risks in your affections.—Alex. Smith.

PITH AND POINT.

A gratuitous falsehood naturally gives itself away.—Chicago Daily News.
A knotty tree and a naughty child are both cross-grained.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

She—"Did you know that I am an actress now?" "Why, no. All I heard was that you had gone on the stage."—Life.

You must fix up your own good advice; so much that others give you, is not applicable in your case.—Athenian Globe.

Nothing goes further to condemn agnosticism as a practiced, working theory, than the way a gun acts up when you don't know it is loaded.—Detroit Journal.

"Then Col. Gulper, you don't mind a chatty woman at dinner?" "No!" "How's that?" "All she wants to do is to talk; all I want is to eat—suits us both."—Ally Sloper.

First Wall Flower.—"They call this a charity ball?" Second Ditto—"Yes, that's what they call it. But we might stay here until doomsday without getting asked to dance."—Boston Transcript.

Severe Examiner (to small boy)—"Who helped you with this map, boy?" Boy—"Nobody, sir." "Come, now, tell me the truth. Didn't your brother help you?" "No, sir. He did it all."—Spare Moments.

Aunt Mary—"Isn't that your mother calling you, Tommy?" Tommy—"Yes'm." Aunt—"Well, why don't you answer?" Tommy—"Oh, what's the use? Papa isn't at home to-day."—Good Housekeeping.

Mild Superstition.—Watts—"I presume you are not as superstitious as Carter, who won't take a drink on the thirteenth day of the month." Lushforth—"No; I only go this far; I would not take a drink during the thirteenth month of the year."—Indianapolis Journal.

What She Said.
It is related that the little daughter of a governor amazed and amused her hostess and shocked and scandalized her mother during a call at a Pacific avenue residence. The juvenile visitor had received a slice of delicious cake, which she ate with much relish.

"What do you say to the lady?" asked her mamma, who is very proud of her darling's graceful manners.

There was no reply from the darling. "You want to say something to the lady. Now, what is it?" continued the mother, coaxingly.

Looking up shyly and shyly into the smiling face of her hostess, the terrible infant asked, with admirable directness: "Have you any more cake?"—San Francisco News Letter.

Have You Been Sick?

Perhaps you have had the gripe or a hard cold. You may be recovering from malaria or a slow fever; or possibly some of the children are just getting over the measles or whooping cough.

Are you recovering as fast as you should? Has not your old trouble left your blood full of impurities? And isn't this the reason you keep so poorly? Don't delay recovery longer but

Take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It will remove all impurities from your blood. It is also a tonic of immense value. Give nature a little help at this time. Aid her by removing all the products of disease from your blood. If your bowels are not just right, Ayer's Pills will make them so. Send for our book on Diet in Constipation.

Write to our Doctors.
We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Write freely and receive a prompt reply, without cost.
Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

CANCER IS DEADLY!

Results Fatally in Nine Cases Out of Ten—A Cure Found at Last.

This fearful disease often first appears as a mere scratch, a pimple or lump in the breast, too small to attract any notice, until, in many cases, the deadly disease is fully developed.

Cancer can not be cured by a surgical operation, because the disease is a virulent poison in the blood, circulating throughout the system, and although the sore or ulcer—known as the Cancer—may be cut away, the poison remains in the blood, and promptly breaks out afresh, with renewed violence.

The wonderful success of S. S. S. in curing obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases which were considered incurable, induced a few despairing sufferers to try it for Cancer, after exhausting the skill of the physicians without a cure. Much to their delight S. S. S. proved equal to the disease and promptly effected a cure. The glad news spread rapidly, and it was soon demonstrated beyond doubt that a cure had at last been found for deadly Cancer. Evidence has accumulated which is incontrovertible, of which the following is a specimen:

"Cancer is hereditary in our family, my father, a sister and an aunt having died from this dreadful disease. My feelings may be imagined when the horrible disease made its appearance on my side. It was a malignant Cancer, eating inwardly in such a way as to cause great alarm. The disease seemed beyond the skill of the doctors, for their treatment did no good whatever, the Cancer growing worse all the while. Numerous remedies were used for it, but the Cancer grew steadily worse, until it seemed that I was doomed to follow the others of the family, for I knew how deadly Cancer is, especially when inherited. I was advised to try Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), which, from the first day, forced out the poison. I continued its use until I had taken eighteen bottles, when I was cured sound and well, and have had no symptoms of the dreadful affliction, though many years have elapsed. S. S. S. is the only cure for Cancer."—Mrs. S. M. Inol, Winston, N. C.



MRS. S. M. INOL.

Our book on Cancer, containing other testimonials and valuable information, will be sent free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.